

THE WORLD.

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THE CIRCULATION OF THE
EVENING EDITION
OF
THE WORLD
for the week ending Saturday, April 14, was
as follows:

MONDAY.....	100,320
TUESDAY.....	94,380
WEDNESDAY.....	102,300
THURSDAY.....	100,820
FRIDAY.....	100,480
SATURDAY.....	98,160

Average for the entire
Month of March.....106,291

LABOR KNOWS.

The New York Sun, encouraged by the
strength of the money power in the Legisla-
ture, returns to its assault upon the Satur-
day Half Holiday.

This corporation organ asserts that the
Half Holiday is "a blunder and a nuisance,"
that "affairs of relief to nobody" and "ought
to be repealed." It says that Sunday is hol-
iday enough—Sunday, when church-going is
about the only recreation lawfully open to
the toilers who spend six long days indoors.

Against this mercenary opinion we place
the protest of the fifty-two thousand work-
men sent to Albany by THE EVENING
WORLD, and the petitions of an equal num-
ber more of the laboring class, sent by labor
organizations. Not a worker has declared
the law a "nuisance." Labor knows what it
wants in this country. Let the law stand.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Whenever a great corporation deals with
its workmen as though they were human
beings, with immortal souls and mortal
bodies to care for, instead of treating them
like so many hars of iron or hales hay, its
example deserves high commendation.

The West End Street Railway Company of
Boston, though enjoying a monopoly of
street transportation in that city, has set
such an example. It has signed an agreement
with its 5,000 conductors and drivers to pay
\$2 per day of ten hours, with suitable time
for meals. Promotion is to depend on
merit and length of service, each employee
is to have a day off every two weeks and other
provisions are equally just.

THE BREWERIES TROUBLE.

The brewers take an illogical and unjust
position in declaring that they will give "no
recognition to the unions."

Is not their pool a union—the hardest and
closest kind of a combination? With what
consistency or justice can they deny to their
workmen a right which they claim and
exercise for themselves?

MORE CONTRACT LABOR.

The interception at Castle Garden and
return to their own land of a band of Italian
marble-cutters, imported under contract by
a rich firm of Boston quarrymen to take the
place of their men who are on a strike, is a
good job to be credited to the vigilance of
the Knights of Labor.

Representatives of the marble quarries
have lately been protesting against any
diminution of the bounty which they enjoy
under the present laws on the plea that they
pay higher wages than are received by the
"pauper labor" of Italy. And yet upon the
first pretext they seek to import these very
laborers, in violation of the law, to press
down wages here.

The Government should collect the \$1,000
penalty incurred for each such offense.

Students of the law of coincidences have
noticed the killing of two women under pre-
cisely similar circumstances within a week.

An eloping couple were walking on the street
in a New Mexican town last week when the
man's pistol fell from his overcoat pocket,
exploded and sent a ball through the
woman's heart. The wife of a guard in the
jail at Woodbury, N. J., who had brought
her husband his supper, and sat by his side,
was instantly killed on Saturday by a bullet
through her heart discharged from her hus-
band's pistol as it fell from his pocket and
struck the stone floor. Accidents, like
crimes, seem to come in groups.

THE SUNDAY WORLD'S high-water mark in
advertising goes up as resistlessly as that
marked by the spring floods. Yesterday this
"People's Medium" had 174 columns of ad-
vertising containing 5,793 separate notices.

This beats THE WORLD'S previous records,
and of course leaves all the rest of the jour-
nalistic craft in a lurch.

Nature is engaged in "painting the earth
green," and April showers are necessary to
the full success of the undertaking.

The electric wires don't go underground,
but they are putting a good many victims
there.

Of all the queer causes of crime, that of the
Georgia brothers, who killed a man "be-
cause he wore store clothes," is the most

comical. Martyrs to civilization are still
called for, it appears, in some parts of the
country.

Cold water isn't a bad drink for a change.

GOOD THINGS IN MARKET.

Bees, 15 cents a pound.
Tomatoes, 50 cents a quart.
Pumpkins, 40 cents a dozen.
Pineapples, 40c. to 50c. each.
Terrapin, 60 cents to \$1.40 each.
Best honey dates, 15c. a pound.
Best spring butter, 35 cents a pound.
California Golden Buren pears, \$1.50 a dozen.
Oranges, from Seville Grove, Fla., 60c. to \$1 a
dozen.
Strawberries are getting cheaper. Forty cents a
quart now.

UNION SQUARE BRIC-A-BRAC.

J. H. Roberts strolling in the park.
John Wild telling funny stories in the Hotel Dan.
Archibald Gordon leaving the Union Square
Hotel.
Oliver T. Pike trying to get away from the
Rialto.
Joseph Palmer, the comedian, breakfasting at
the Everett.
Richard K. Fox pausing in Broadway, near
Forty-eighth.
Lawyer Joseph Gutman dropping into Mond's to
see Joseph Becker.
Charlie Dickson in front of the Morton House
with a white Derby.
The veteran actor, Harry Edwards, sunning
himself and watching the children play.
Ed Wilkes McElvaine telling his friends that he is
just back in town and stopping at the Morton
House.

AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

John J. McCoy is an excellent writer.
Jeremiah Burns is proud of his mustache.
Under-Sheriff Sexton is a very busy man.
Order of Arrest Clerk Martin is a statesman.
Joe Burk likes to take boudoirs to Sing Sing.
Dave McGonigal would like to run for Sheriff.
Charles Snyder would like to be an opera singer.
Algerman John J. Ryan would like to be a deputy
sheriff.
Thomas Moore always has a cheerful word for his
friends.
Thomas O'Donnell likes the color of the grass in
the park.
James Calhoun's hair is getting some threads of
silver in it.
Thomas F. Crawford is known as the great
Hawshaw.
Deputy Joe Young is the first man in the office in
the morning.
James Rickard is one of the most obliging men in
the department.
George Elliot, is one of the handsomest men in
the Sheriff's office.

A TURN OVER.

(From Harper's Bazar.)



"He, clear de way start, Hone I kin git a good
dare, will yer?"

Ab' ride a ways on de
handle myself. The natural consequence
of riding on the handle.

WORLDLINGS.

The physician in attendance on the Queen of
Cores is an American woman, who is said to re-
ceive an annual salary of \$15,000 for her services.

Hufus Weston and his son, farmers living near
Beaver Falls, Pa., recently ploughed up in a field
an old coin that contained a number of gold coins,
amounting in all to \$255. Most of the coins bear
dates of forty and fifty years ago.

Nineteen of the twenty-five waiters at the Hotel
del Monte in Monterey, Cal., struck last week
rather than wear dress-coats, in which garb the
proprietor had ordered them to appear. They
walked out of the dining-room at the dinner hour,
and their places were filled by bell-boys.

James Addington, of East Aurora, N. Y., has a
mischance piece that is probably the finest in the
country for its value at \$200. The piece is 12
inches in length from the bowl to the tip of the
mouthpiece, and is an exquisite piece of hand-
carving. It took the workman three years to com-
plete the task of making it.

Miss Helen Blanchard, now a resident of Phila-
delphia, is a Maine girl, who has made a fortune
through the invention of the simple "over-and-
under" attachment for sewing machines. When
she discovered the device she had to borrow money
to pay the first Patent Office fees. She now owns
large estates, a manufactory and many patent
rights that yield her a large income in royalties.

Mart Duggan, ex-city Marshal of Leadville, Col.,
who was shot and killed in that city a few days ago,
had long had the reputation of being one of the
bravest men in the West. He was Marshal of Lead-
ville during the exciting times of 1878-80, when
the city was filled with desperate characters, and
he performed the duties of his office with a facility
and unflinching courage that won every one's ad-
miration.

John Sutcliffe, one of the most notorious criminal
characters in Ohio, who died at the electric chair
recently at the age of ninety-five, had a national
reputation as a "fence" and burglar from all
over the country used to dispose of their plunder at
his shop. His house was a curiosity shop, filled
from cellar to garret with all kinds of spoils, and it
was said that he would buy anything from a pulpit
or a family Bible to a load of scrap iron.

Mejourners in the Hotels.

M. Hannaford, of Montreal, is at the Gilsey.
Eugene Pouquet, of Paris, is at the Hoffman.
J. H. Thayer, a broker of Chicago, is at the Gil-
sey.

Chas. K. Hyde, of Boston, is among the Grand's
guests.

J. H. Marsh, Jr., of Boston, is well cared for at
the Boulevard.

C. B. Williams, of Flatbush, is at the Fifth Ave-
nue with friends.

Stuart H. Dunn, the Quebec merchant, has
rooms at the Grand.

Congressman Geo. S. Ward, from Flatbush,
has rooms at the Fifth Avenue.

Anthony J. Sweeney, of Kansas City, is once
more in New York, and can be found at the Hoff-
man.

At the Hotel Dan: A. C. Dam, of Portland; A.
J. Wentworth, of Boston, and A. W. Blye, of
Syracuse.

The St. James has among its business men Rich-
ard J. Freeman, of London, and Louis Becker, of
Richmond.

Mrs. R. Scott, of St. Paul, is at the Fifth Avenue.
C. B. Williams, the Boston broker, has rooms at
the Hoffman.

The latest arrivals at the Union Square Hotel
are P. Coney, of Boston; C. P. Treat, of Chicago;
Charles Tomlinson, of Minneapolis; and A. Wilson,
of Philadelphia.

T-day's new guests at the Morton House in-
clude James H. Maffi, of Boston; K. Wilkins, of
Toronto; A. W. Jones, of Utah; John Warner, of
Amsterdam, and Benjamin Maginley, of Philadel-
phia.

THE STOLEN PLATES.

OR,
How the United States Treasury
Department Was Robbed.

A Detective Story Furnished by
HENRY V. STEERS,
Inspector of the Metropolitan Police.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

Westchester County was specially favored
in this line of work, and suspicion fell upon
two well-dressed and apparently very respec-
table women. They were very methodi-
cal in their operations and invariably selected
Saturdays for the circulation of their
fraudulent money. In those days the
Metropolitan police force took in a portion
only of Westchester County, Morrisania,
now the Twenty-fourth Ward, being an in-
dependent town over which ex-Capt. John
T. Robbins, presided, with the high-sound-
ing title of Chief of Police. The Thirty-
second Sub-Station at Tremont, was in com-
mand of Henry V. Steers, a sergeant of the
New York police, and then as now an ac-
tive, intelligent and wide-awake officer. He
had begun his career on the force when his
father was a captain, and may in reality be
said to be a born policeman. His jurisdic-
tion extended to Melrose and West Farms,
and he was on the alert constantly to detect
crime and prevent his constituents from being
victimized.

CHAPTER II.

WHILE seated at his
high desk in the Tremont
police station,
house, on Sept. 7,
Sergeant Steers was in-
formed by a citizen
that the towns of Mel-
rose and West Farms
were being flooded
with counterfeit fifty-
cent fractional cur-
rency. Two well-dressed women, it was
said, one fifty and the other twenty
years of age, paid regular visits to West
Farms on Saturdays, when storekeepers were
busy and the stores were full of customers,
made moderate purchases and paid their bills
in fractional notes so closely resembling
the genuine currency that in the rush they
were accepted, only to be thrown out at the
banks.

The Sergeant drove at once to West Farms
to confer with the tradesmen who had been
victimized, determined to find the offenders
and capture their outfit, if it were possible to
do so. He counselled the victims to main-
tain strict secrecy concerning their losses, so
the game should not be flushed and to let
them make a third and, he hoped, final raid
on the succeeding Saturday.

The eventful Saturday came—a bright
moonlight night of Sept. 13, 1873. The Ser-
geant took two discreet policemen with him,
and the trio in citizens' dress drove leisurely
into West Farms and made a tour of the
stores as though they were ordinary town-
smen on business bent. They had visited
several stores without hearing from the mys-
terious females and Sergeant Steers feared that
they had taken alarm and started on a new
base of operations. He maintained his
vigil, however, and soon was rewarded by
seeing two fashionably dressed women,
evidently mother and daughter, enter a
large store on Main street, now One Hun-
dred and Seventy-first street, and with per-
fect nonchalance make a liberal purchase of
dressgoods. The Sergeant strolled leisurely
to the same counter, asked to see some wool-
len dress suitings, and while apparently ex-
amining the texture and quality of the
fabrics, he kept the two women under con-
stant surveillance. They selected their mer-
chandise and paid for it in fractional cur-
rency—which the quick eye of Steers de-
tected as counterfeit—but so well executed
as to deceive persons who were not on the
lookout.

SURPRISED AND SATISFIED.

The wily Sergeant did not examine any
more merchandise, but, following the retreat-
ing women, he halted them as they reached
the door, and, tapping them on the shoulder,
quietly whispered: "You had better not
make a fuss. I want you to go with me."

Although he was suffering from a violent
attack of bronchial pneumonia and malarial
fever combined, Tragedian O'Connor said
this morning that there would be no post-
ponement of his wedding, which would take
place in Hoboken City Hall at high noon to-
day.

It was a little after 12 o'clock when the
tragedian, with his bride-elect, stepped on to
the Christopher street ferry-boat at Hoboken
and walked to the City Hall, where Assistant
City Clerk Joseph S. Weinthal was waiting to
receive them.

The ceremony was brief and formal, and
proceeded without a hitch in the presence of
about a dozen spectators, most of them
relatives.

When they were finally pronounced man
and wife the tragedian's emotions overcame
him, and with the fervent ejaculation of
"Thank God," he was at last united," he
clayped the bride in his arms and nuptial
kiss upon her lips, while tears of joy
gushed from his eyes.

Not having any friends present, two news-
paper men signed the marriage certificate as
witnesses. At the conclusion of the cere-
mony Mr. O'Connor made an address, and
while thanking the press for its considera-
tion, expressed a wish to "get amongst"
some of his enemies and detractors.

Then a number of those present kissed the
bride and the wedding company broke up.

HE HALTED THEM AS THEY REACHED THE DOOR.

The air of confidence in the success of
their third venture gave way to consternation
and despair, the younger one turning pale
and her feet growing unsteady. The elder
woman controlled herself, however, and be-
came very indignant at this rude interrup-
tion, and, casting a withering glance upon
her interlocutor, she demanded in tragic
tones:

"Who are you, sir, that dare to interrupt
and address two ladies who are total strangers
to you? Oh, that I were a man! I would
punish you on the spot."

The Sergeant smiled and felt pity for the
women, but as an officer in the discharge of
duty he must perform it, painful as it might
be. As tenderly as possible he whispered, so
as not to attract too much notice from out-
siders:

"Madame, I am Sergeant Steers, of the
New York police, and I arrest both of you.

The quieter you are, the better it will be for
you."

A team was secured from Mr. Jessup,
a merchant who was a victim to the counter-
feiters, and the women were seated, with two
officers to guard them. As Sergeant Steers
was preparing to mount he detected a suspi-
cious movement on the part of the younger
woman and saw her throw something away.
He gave his attention to this new phase in
the case and found in the roadway a small
parcel of notes, which, on examina-
tion, proved to be \$500 worth of counterfeit
currency, companions to those which had
been circulated so freely, and all of them
crisp and new, as if they had recently been
taken from the press.

A SILENT MOONLIGHT RIDE.

The nearly full moon bathed the country
with silvery light and the team trotted along
at a lively pace. The mysterious females
maintained strict silence, and during the
drive of many miles did not exchange a word
with each other or with their captors. All
efforts to draw them into conversation were
futile, and the Sergeant felt that he had a
difficult task before him to prove their iden-
tity and learn where they lived.

(Concluded to-morrow.)

OUR SPRING SEA SERPENT.

Now that springtide has come o'er us
And we've dropped the plaster porch;
Now that waters have grown calmer,
So that they no more will harm her,
We will hear of the Sea Serpent
All around us and on arm bent.

Great things grow from small beginnings,
And when a sea serpent grows an innage
There's no telling, you may wonder,
How she'll grow, or how to tame her.

Here's a simple little story,
Nothing shocking, nothing gory;
Simply facts as were narrated
By a citizen belated.

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FINANCE'S SPLENDID HOME.

THE CONSOLIDATED EXCHANGE'S NEW
BOARD-ROOM OPENED.

No Formal Ceremonies, but Lots of Enthusiasm
and Cheering by Hundreds of
Brokers—President Wilson on the Pros-
pects of the Body—The First Transac-
tion Recorded—Sketches of the Exchange
and Its Officers.

The brasts of the 2,400 members of the
Consolidated Stock and Petroleum Exchange
swelled with pride and satisfaction this morn-
ing as they took pos-
session for the first
time of their spacious
board room in the new
Exchange Building at
Broadway and Ex-
change place. There
was no formal opening
ceremony, the celebra-
tion being postponed
till the completion of
the building. The
brokers were all there, however, despite the
fact that carpenters and plasterers were still
at work in the galleries, and they showed as
much enthusiasm as the condition of the
market and state of trade would admit.

When Chairman Peters mounted the mar-
ble rostrum at 9.45, with a colossal pink rose
adorning the lapel of his coat, and adu-
ted the throng, a cheer went up that was heard
in the Stock Exchange, a block away, and
made Assistant Secretary Lewis remark that
he felt as proud as if he had just been mar-
ried himself.

At 10 o'clock President Wilson went upon
the rostrum with Col. Thomas F. Watson, J.
P. Sadler and A. F. Faris, of the Building
Committee, and sounded the big brass gong,
which Chairman Peters held up for him, to
indicate that the new Exchange was open for
business.

Most of the crowd had collected in front of
the rostrum, and rousing cheers were pro-
posed and given for the new exchange, the
Building Committee and the President. As
soon as he could make himself heard, Presi-
dent Wilson made a brief address, which
was enthusiastically applauded. He said:

"It is, indeed, an auspicious occasion which brings
us together, a happy consummation of a great
work, so long commenced, so steadily urged,
and at length, notwithstanding difficulties almost
insurmountable, so triumphantly accomplished.
As to a house for our future use we are as well,
if not better provided than any Exchange in the
city. As for financial enterprise, I am sure
that you will all be about as usual, and I
will be the duty as well as the pleasure
of the Building Committee to see that the
report to you at the end of the fiscal year, May 31,
all matters in detail in connection with the build-
ing, but I may anticipate it if I judge it
advisable to tell you what I feel certain you are all anxious
to know."

The erection and construction of the
building when completed about \$400,000;
that nearly all the offices have been rented,
and a fair prospect of renting the remain-
ing ones before May 1; that the
gross rentals will suffice to pay the ground rent,
taxes and running expenses and leave a surplus
of about \$10,000 to be applied to a sinking fund
to reimburse us for the money expended in the erec-
tion and construction of the building.

Let me congratulate you upon the success you
have hitherto achieved, while in the freshness and
vigilant vigor of youth, and I do not wish to
predict your future when such is your beginning."

The first transaction recorded on the floor
of the new Exchange after the sounding of
the gong was the sale of 10,000 barrels of oil
by A. Wicks to George Nelson, at 82.
Ten minutes later the market was 82 1/2.

The main floor of the new building, which
is devoted exclusively
to the use of the Ex-
change, forms one of
the handsomest halls
in the city. It extends
from Broadway to the
entrance of the new
Exchange, and is a
gallery around three sides of the great room
for the use of visitors, is twenty-two feet
above the main floor. It contains the mem-
bers' parlor, committee rooms, smoking-
rooms, President's office, Treasurer's office,
Secretary's office and Directors' room, all of
which will be handsomely furnished.

The committee which has had charge of
the construction of the new building consists
of Jerome F. Sadler, F. G. Stanton, Alfred
L. Faris, George W. Hoagland, Charles F.
Thum, Robert A. Chesbrough, together
with Charles W. Wilson, President of the
Exchange; Thoms L. Watson, Second Vice-
President, and John Stanton, Treasurer, who
are ex-officio members.

The Consolidated Stock and Petroleum
Exchange is the present name of an associa-
tion that was organized
nearly thirteen years
ago under the name of
the New York Mining
Stock Exchange. The
founders of this associa-
tion were John
Stanton, Jr., Joseph
E. Gay, E. V. Vynne,
Morris L. V. DeForest,
Charles O. Morris,
Robert Courtney James,
Gaudolfo and E. W.
Morse. The Exchange
was first opened for
business on Nov. 1, 1875,
at 24 Pine street. Its fitness for survival has
been demonstrated by its successive absorp-
tion of the American Mining and Stock Ex-
change, the National Petroleum Stock Ex-
change, the National Petroleum Exchange,
the Miscellaneous Security Board, the Ameri-
can Mining Board and the New York Pet-
roleum and Stock Board.

Charles O. Wilson, who was for many years
President of the old National Petroleum Stock
Exchange, and who has now for three terms been Presi-
dent of the Consolidated, was born in 1843
in Baltimore, and began his career in that
city as a lawyer. He retired from the profes-
sion in 1876. Four years later he came to
New York and became a member of the
American Mining and Stock Exchange. He
was largely instrumental in establishing the
National Petroleum Exchange.

Frank